MARVEL

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN: INCURSION

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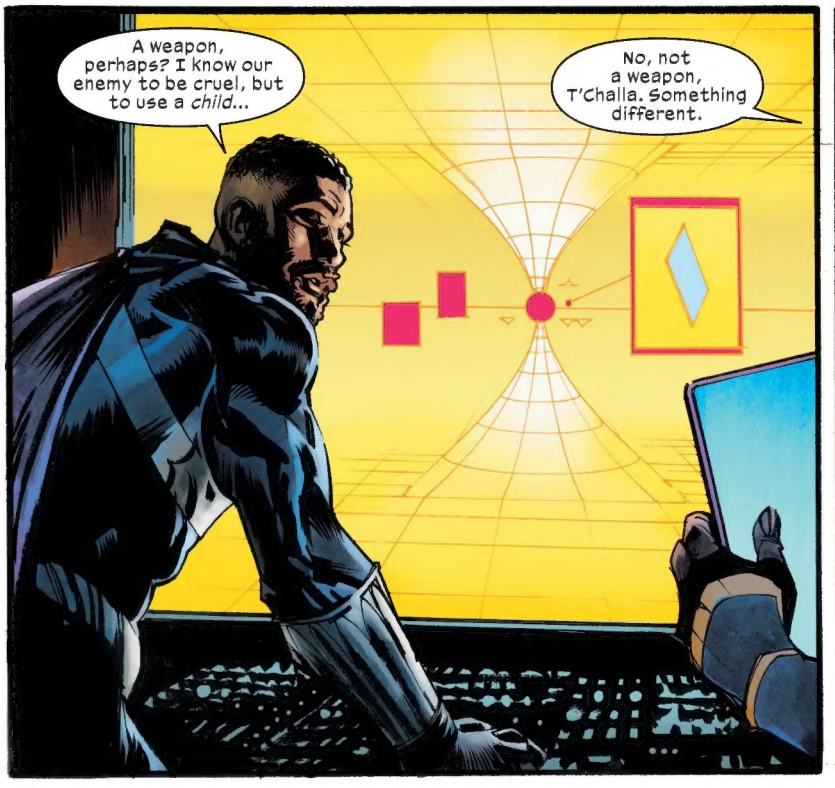
Wakanda.
Kwah!
Curiosity killed the cat, little one.
Kwaha!
WHOOSH

So let's make sure we keep a closer eye on you so you don't go getting into any more trouble.
Gwaha!
She is quite the little escape artist, Ororo.
That's because this is no place for children, Erik...

...and with so much of our resources and focus placed elsewhere, it's only natural she'd slip through the cracks.
You are too harsh, Brother.

Besides, it is not every day that an outsider appears within the walls of our kingdom. And a baby at that. So many questions remain.
You are correct, Shuri. Forgive my bluntness-- these are trying times indeed.
Have we learned any more of where she came from?

My scans remain incomplete, but there is no doubt the child has residual energies that match those of *the Maker.*


A weapon, perhaps? I know our enemy to be cruel, but to use a *child*...
No, not a weapon, T'Challa. Something different.

The energy readings more closely resemble a teleportation algorithm than a weapon of war.
It's tied to a more prominent, and sophisticated, energy signature, but my team has yet to fully decrypt the information.
The Maker and his forces are known to be inventive in their terror. Are we sure it is not a new weapon?

No, Killmonger. I believe my sister is right. These readings do not behave as weapons would. It would appear closer to portal tech.
To serve what possible purpose?
I don't yet wish to confirm...
Now is not the time for hesitance, sister.
Well... teleporting energy is just the first piece of the puzzle. I think this is not a weapon but rather an invitation. Or perhaps... *a key.*
An invitation to what? A key to unlock what?
I cannot imagine their contents would contain anything beneficial.
I can't say for certain just yet, but I believe it will be used to unlock...

...new beginnings.
"Doom and Iron Lad think she might be able to let the Maker out of his chronal quarantine early..."

...which means your *sister* could be the key that unlocks the *end of the world.*
But she's only 11 months old!
Poor kid.
The recently re-declared republic of Rwanda. Just outside the Wakandan border.
Doesn't this thing go any *faster?!*
He's so scared for her, but he's trying to hide it.
I can relate.
We're going as fast as we can, Miles. They don't call it a *hidden kingdom* for nothing.
Everything takes longer in this universe, man!
We've been waiting around for weeks!
His name is Miles Morales. He comes from another world.

You were *supposed* to be waiting around--*lying low.* Instead, you went out on multiple occasions to foil muggers and bank robbers.
Did you think we wouldn't find out? The papers are calling you "the Jersey Spider-Man."
Doom was so pissed...
Jan and I have been his "handlers" since we found him swinging around Brooklyn a few weeks ago.
You dumped me in a studio apartment in *Trenton.*
I'm the "Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man"--what did you expect me to do?!
TV?
Which is new for us--handling people.
This universe ain't even got Crunchyroll! What am I supposed to watch?!
You use sushi as TVs in your universe?!
Bro, what?
Usually, I'm the one being... handled.
Aren't y'all this world's Avengers or something? Shouldn't you have, like, a...a Quinjet or a teleporter...?
What's a "Quinjet"?
He's come here, to a *war zone,* to save someone he loves.
I mean, you couldn't even get us a *direct flight.* That eight-hour layover in Lagos...
We actually *do* have a teleporter, but it uses a lot of energy. Tony says that stuff's not cheap.
I'm just sayin', *my* Black Panther got me from Brooklyn to Wakanda in like an hour...
Like I said, I can relate.

Look, we're not... "the Avengers." We're *the Ultimates.*
We have what we have.
The... Ultimates...
What?
N-nothing. Just...every time you say that name...
...I dunno, feels like I've heard it before.
(Is it just me, or is he looking at me funny all of a sudden? Like he knows something about me I don't? Looking at me with... is that *disgust?*)
We have to be careful. There's a *war* going on. We've *bluffed* and *bribed* our way this far, but we're getting to a place where bribes won't work.
Spider-Sense?! Wait, stop the tru--
Cool it, Hank. You're getting para--
BOOM
8

"Giant-Man," "Wasp" and "Jersey Spider-Man"! Our records indicate that you are known *terrorists,* and you are approaching sovereign Wakandan territory. Cease and submit to--
We have to see King T'Challa *immediately.*
We think he has something--
Someone!
--sorry, someone we need.
The terrorists have threatened the king's life!
Wait, what?!?!
Dora Milaje-- *engage!*
The spider wears a vibranium suit?!
Why can't things ever go *smoothly?!*
BOOM
ZOOM
Vibranium nano-mesh actually, but who's countin'?

My king! There has been a credible threat on your life! We must get you to the--
What threat?
"Wanted international terrorists--calling themselves the Ultimates--have attempted to penetrate our border and threaten you by name. One even wields vibranium!
"We must get you and your family to a secure--"
The Ultimates? *Interesting.* I've been meaning to speak to them for some time.
But, my *lord,* this could be an *assassination*--
Am I a child? A coward? A *kitten?*
N-no, my lord...
No. I am *king.* Servant and protector of the people. I am the *Black Panther of Wakanda.*
I will see to my people. I will see to this *threat.* If they wish to kill me...
...they are welcome to *try.*

But, my lord--!
I will not die today. There is too much left to do and not much time to do it.
Go.
We will protect the king.
I leave in three minutes. If you wish to come, come.
Watch the girl closely. She is...preternaturally precocious.
Buh!
Yes, Wind-Rider.
I am excited to meet these "terrorists." Perhaps we can compare tactics.
Perhaps, Erik...
...if we don't all kill each other first.
What do we do for the people we love?

Anything. We do *anything.*
We cross universes and continents. We brave strange, alien landscapes.
We fight kings, armies and monsters...
...even if we hate it.
Even if we're afraid.
Afraid of what they'll do to us.
Afraid of what we'll do to them.

At this size, my perceptions are useless, so my helmet starts translating.
That's how I know Janet is, at this moment, four stories tall and single-handedly holding off a small army.
And that Miles is making short work of the wall.
But beneath their feet, there's another small army. And *they* listen to *me*.
They speak in *smells*. My helmet translates speech into a complex pheromonal signal.
I used to have nightmares about dying ants, screaming in pain. I actually tried to apologize to them once for the millions I'd killed.
Stupid. Even with the helmet, they didn't understand the concept of forgiveness. Or guilt, for that matter.
So I stick to simple things: Swarm. Bite. Consume.

Thanks, honey.
What will we do for the people we love?
RRUMMBLE
Hey, is that a--?
CRA-KOOM
Storm. It was a storm.
Ultimates, your attack on the sovereign kingdom of Wakanda has been interpreted as an act of war.
If you do not stand down, you will face the full military might of the most advanced nation on Earth.
No sudden moves, fluid extrusions or changes in size or mass.
Ayo, wait, T'Challa! Can we talk for a sec?

The key is in the pocket. Requesting immediate extraction from E-X-Point 135.
Make sure Director Fury knows it was *me.*
ZIPPP
Ditching compromised pseudo-identity. Presence masking at maximum.
Repeat: Agent 18929-93 is returning to the *Beast* in possession of *the Key to the City.*
Buh?

Billie?!?!
Billie?!?!
Even through the mask, you can see him break.
Can you blame him?
Betrayal! Seal the palace! Who had her last?
<This can't be happening... I was close...so close...>*
*Translated from Spanish.
He's come so far for her--only to find she's more out of reach than ever.
Maybe--
It's too late to seal anything.
I let Jan take the lead. Like I always do.
Whoever took her will be long gone.

Sometimes, like now, I hardly recognize her.
...larger alliance... alignment of interests...
A little over a year ago, we were two exterminators from Jersey. Now she's shaking hands and exchanging strategy with kings and goddesses.
Hey, I don't care about your "wider goals" and "strategic partnerships." I just want to find my sister!
Forgive us, Jersey Spider-Man.
The truth is, she'd probably be better off without me.
I get it, Miles. But we're fighting a war here.
We want to save *all* the little children. Not just your sister.
Sometimes I think about leaving. Just disappearing without warning one night. Doing her a favor.
But I'm not strong enough. I love her too much.

I've loved her for as long as I can remember.
Literally-- her face is my first memory.
When I woke up in the hospital, she was right next to me, lying in the hospital bed. Tears streaming down her face--*that's* my origin story.
Life before that face is vague. The man I was... was supposed to be...
I was supposed to be some kind of genius. That's who she fell in love with. This brilliant guy.
I'm who she got stuck with.
"I can't go back to... to yes...
Yesterday.
"...*yesterday* because I was a d-different person then."
But she stuck with me anyway.
PYM
PEST CO

She's stuck with me through everything. Through the weakness, the fear, the lying, the denying. The truths I couldn't face and the choice I tried to take from her. She stuck with me.
So I'll stick with her. Through anything.
Just like Miles won't stop until he finds his sister.
I am five minutes out from the rendezvous point.
Please conf--
At least until one or both of them are dead.
--irm?

The emperor's lowly servant has taken possession of the anomaly.
For the glory of Emperor Sunfire and Hi No Kuni.
That's always a possibility.

NEXT:
SILVER SAMURAI AND THE X-MEN!

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